

GRIN

HUMOR IN PICTURES

10¢

DECEMBER

**WHAT A STENOGRAPHER
DOES WITH HER LEGS**

**CARTOONS
AND JOKES**



GIRL FIGHTERS WRESTLE!



"Gosh! The curtain is up! *Hurry!* We'll miss something!"

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HUMOR IN PICTURES

DECEMBER
1940

GRIN



When the chill Autumn breezes begin to blow up here in North America, and we begin to wonder if the steam heat shouldn't begin to function, that is the time when it's nice and warm down Cuba way. Cuba is an island full of rum, sugar cane—and pretty girls. Here is one of the pretty girls enjoying the climate. Don't you wish you were in Cuba to enjoy the climate, too?



JUST A LITTLE SHAVER

A man generally does his shaving at home in the morning before he goes out about his business. He considers that home is the place and morning the time for scraping the stubborn stubble off his pan. But it's a notorious and nationwide scandal that our fair lady friends do a great deal of their primping, powdering and hair-doing right out in public at the oddest times and in the oddest places. At dinner, in the taxicab, while walking or talking, they seem to be *always* powdering their cute little noses or rouging their ruby lips. They fix their hair on the subway, and they pluck their eyebrows in the park. They polish their nails in the office. We knew it would not be long before they began doing what little shaving they have to do right on the public beach in sunny Florida or California or wherever beaches are warm and sunny at this time of year. If a mere man should shave on the beach, his next stop would be behind the bars in the city jail. But the girls are different. They look so cute and attractive when they do whatever they do. So they can do almost anything. Even shave on the beach. More power to them and a keen edge to their blades!



OOMPH!



"How do my stockings look this morning?"



Bushels of love! Basket parties welcome. A tisket, a tasket, we've found a pretty basket. It looks far better filled this way than filled with Monday's wash.



Just relax.

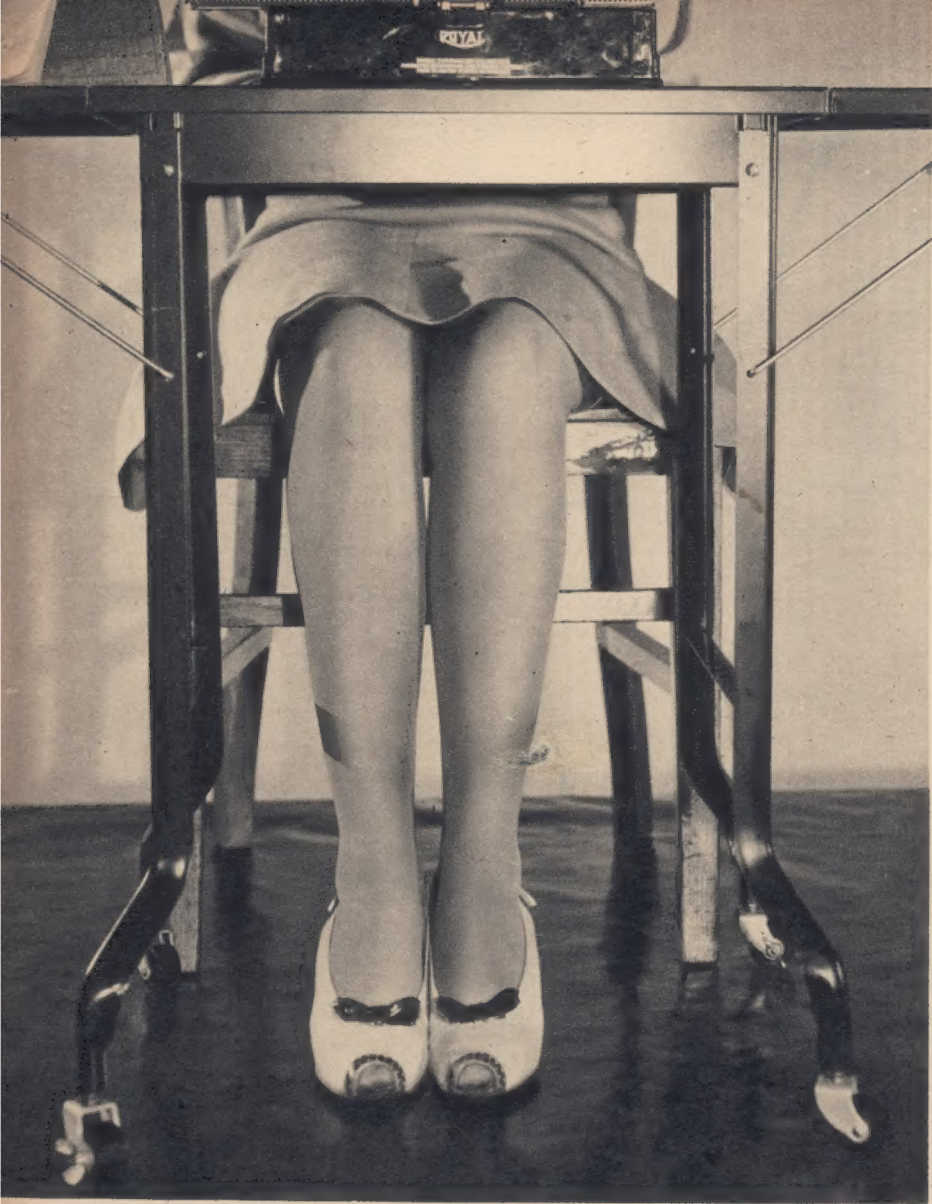


"Sir, if you do that just twice more, I'll speak to the manager!"



"Here's a garter more suitable to your type, Miss!"

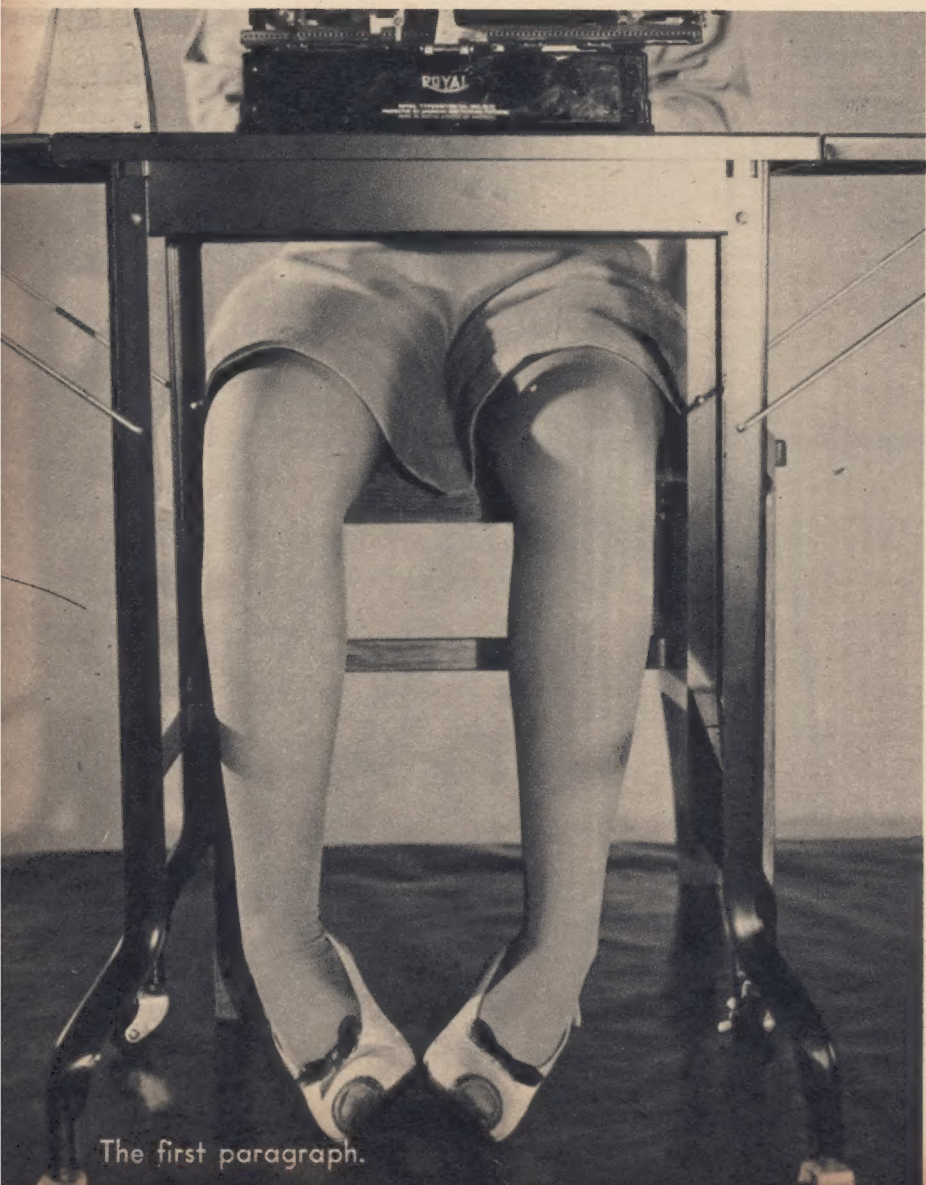




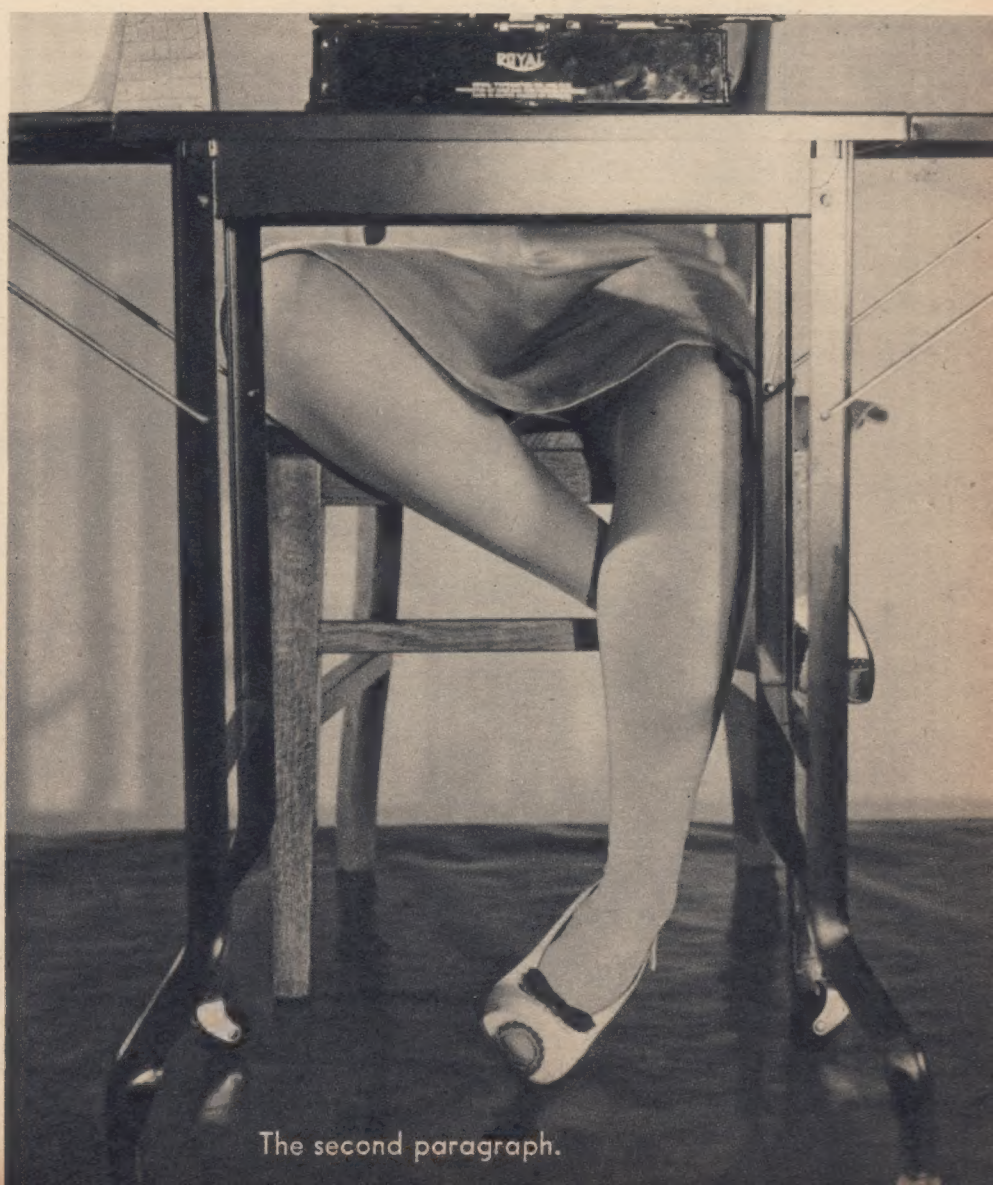
Beginning the letter.

WHAT A DOES WITH

Expert research workers and candid camera photographers in the employ of GRIN have been busy for several pleasant years making a thorough investigation of the vital problem of what a typical stenographer does with her legs while typing a business letter. In the course of their exciting and inspirational work these daring men have peered under some four thousand typewriting tables, stared at and snapped some eight thousand stenographers' legs of all kinds, shapes and sizes. The work has been exhausting. Danger and great personal risk were always present. Many of our intrepid men became so confused by the many fascinating and dangerous curves that they lost their heads and became married. Others became divorced. Families were broken up. Some men complained of dizziness, severe eye-strain and stiff necks. A few suffered from swift kicks in the eye from the pointed toes of uncooperative typists. A score of expensive cameras were destroyed by the same means. But



The first paragraph.



The second paragraph.

STENOGRAPHER

HER LEGS

the editors of GRIN were not dismayed. The gaps in the workers' ranks caused by sudden marriages were quickly filled by enthusiastic volunteers and the great work went on in spite of all obstacles and dangers. GRIN spared no expense to get these pictures. The need for them was great. The problem of just what a stenographer does with her legs has long puzzled the American public. There have been many guesses and much speculation. GRIN is proud to have been the one magazine in America to have settled this baffling problem for all time. In presenting this documentary evidence backed by candid photographs, which never lie, GRIN is sure that it has performed an important public service. Busy business executives can now know exactly what goes on under their stenographers' type-writing tables without taking the personal risk of peering under them to see at first hand. GRIN confidently awaits the award of a Pulitzer Prize for this remarkable and exclusive scoop in the field of photo journalism.



Half way through the letter.

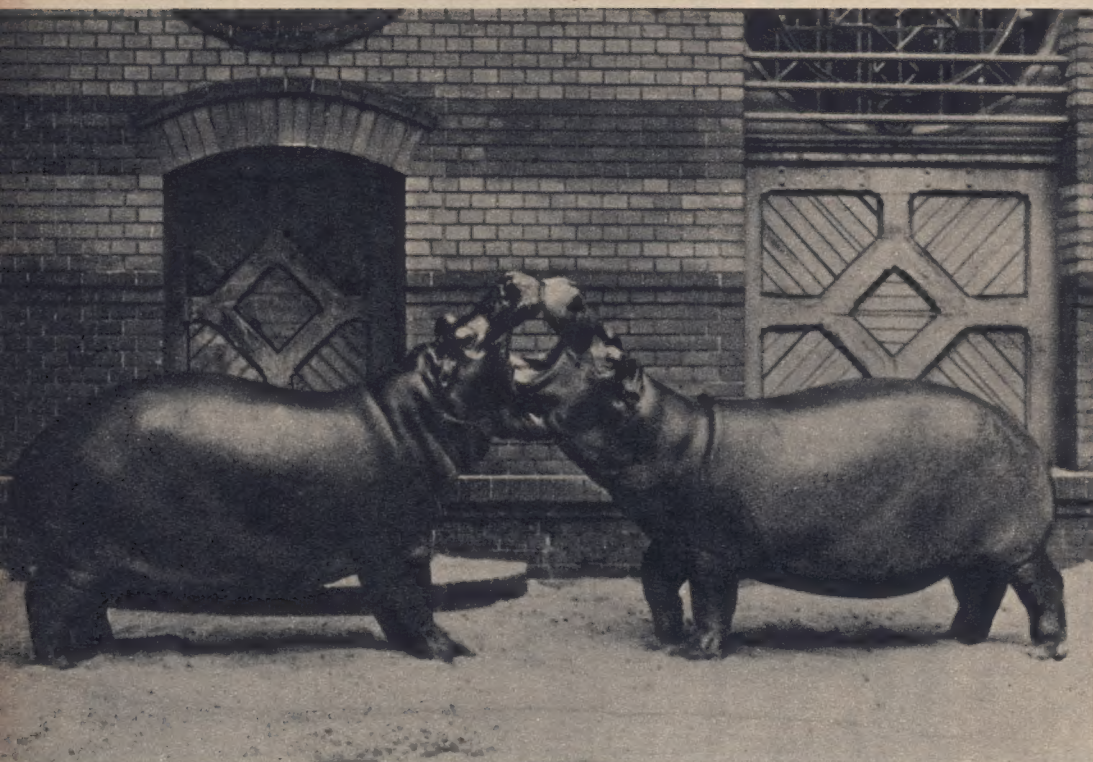


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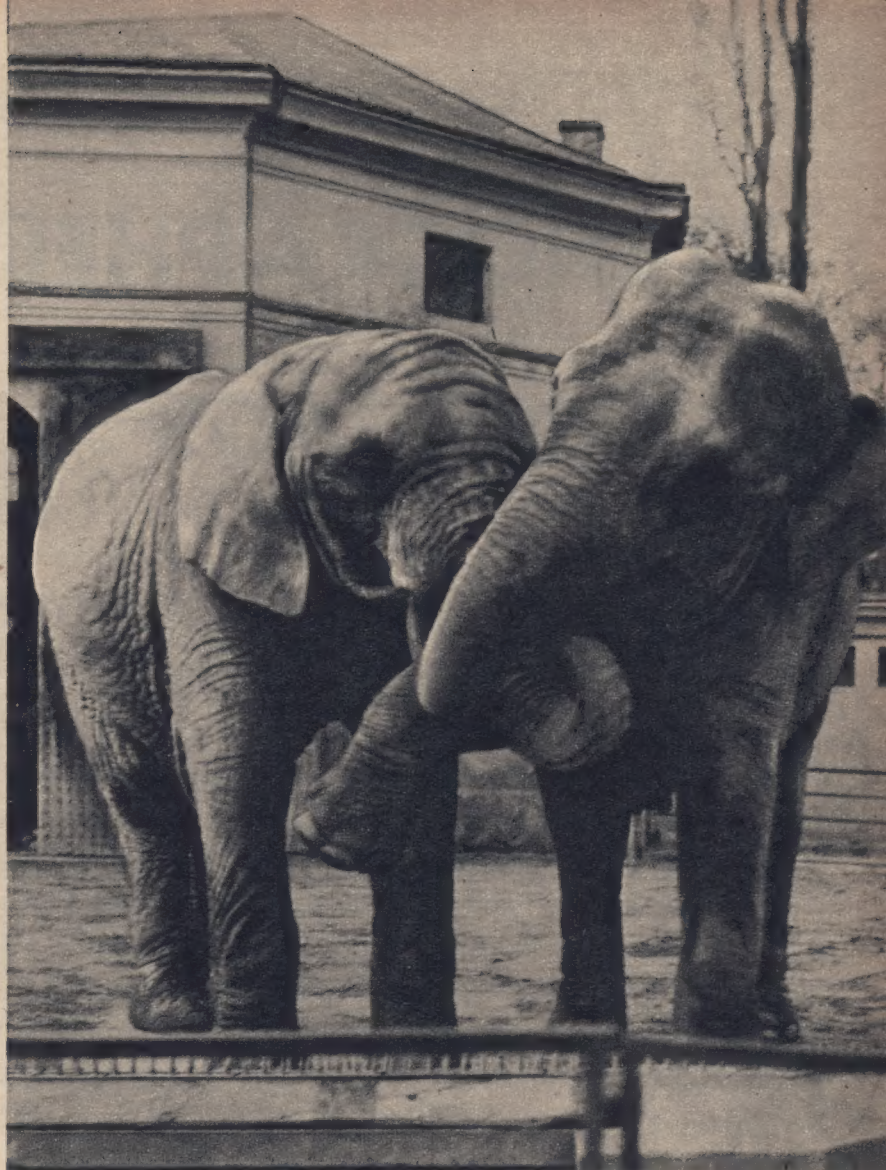


The letter is finished.

ANIMALS IN LOVE!



"Kiss me again, sweetheart! That was a real soul kiss!"



"Hold me tight! Don't ever let me go!"



"Oh, you're SO strong, but SO gentle!"

The animals, too, have their heart throbs and their romantic moments. It's the beast in them. One elephant is another elephant's big moment, and as for the hippopotami, why, they simply wallow in slush. The big softies! Giraffes have their long necking parties, and gorillas just monkey around. A lioness is often a lion's weakness, while one wart hog looks pretty good to another wart hog. And when you come to the rabbits—. Well, we won't discuss the rabbits. You know how rabbits are. It's all the law of the jungle. And even in the city zoo the animals are often "that way" about each other, simply wild about another animal, even though their affairs never get into the Broadway columns. Perhaps they're lucky, at that.

OUR ODDITY CORNER



"I wonder how much I weigh stripped?"



A kitten in a cask is a small barrél of fun. This young and innocent cat peers out over the rim to look the world over. If it doesn't like the appearance of things in general, and we couldn't blame it if it didn't, it can always retire back into its bombproof shelter in the sturdy keg. A cat can look at a king. But there aren't any too many kings left in this world. There are just a lot of shabby dictators who are scarcely worth the glance of an intelliaent cat.



"It's beer that makes the world go round—and round and round!"

HOW TO PICK

When it's cherry picking time in the country and the pretty cherry blossoms are out in full bloom, that is the time to learn how to pick a cherry from a tree. Of course, we know that just at present, with a long, cold winter coming on (remind us to buy an overcoat) and the snow soon due to begin falling on the ground and the skiers soon due to begin falling on the snow, it is not, strictly speaking, cherry picking time at all or anywhere near it. In fact, we know from experience that about the only place where you can pick nice, ripe, round cherries in these chill Autumn days is from the bottom of Manhattan cocktail glasses. Ah, but what better place is there from which to pick cherries? You don't have to go out into the distant, dusty country. You can save carfare or gasoline and sit in comfort in the cheery bar to pick beautiful cherries out of the quickly emptied glasses with neatness and dispatch. And it's a funny thing, as our old Aunt Sally used to say (she was a great gal), but somehow you'll find that you'll never get tired of picking cherries in this pleasant, carefree way. As cherry after cheery cherry is picked from the gleaming glasses you'll feel a warm glow creeping over you, and it's a fact that the more cherries you pick the better you'll feel. Some sort of natural



A CHERRY

law, we suppose. Try it sometime. Go on a steady diet of Manhattan cocktail cherries, and, while you may *grow* old in time, you'll never *feel* old. It must be some kind of vitamin in the cherries that does the trick. Wonderful things, these modern vitamins! Where would we be without the vital vitamins A, B, C and W, P, A? But we are wandering far from our subject, which is how to pick a cherry from a tree. When the gay and lively Springtime does finally roll around again (we suppose it will in due time; it always has up to now), then will come the time to pick the cherries from the trees. And if you wish to know how to pick them just study the pictures on this page carefully. But you can't fool the editor! He knows that you have already given the pictures a long and careful study. But look at them once again, if you please—this time to learn how to pick a cherry from a tree. You see it's very simple. You simply obtain a trustworthy ladder, climb up this trustworthy ladder and pluck the cherries from the blossom laden branches. Nice branches, don't you think? Nice limbs, too. It takes a cherry tree to grow nice, round limbs. Oh, by the way, what did the cherry tree say to the girl? "Quit picking on me!" This fully covers the subject of how to pick a cherry from a tree. If you wish to know any more about it, look in the Encyclopedia.



GRIN AND TAKE IT

The worried-looking man addressed the chemist.

"I want some arsenic for my mother-in-law."

"Have you a doctor's prescription?" asked the chemist.

"No, but here's a photograph of her!"

"I made a political speech last night."

"How did you come out?"

"Limping, but wasting no time."

Lawyer: "But three people have testified that they saw you steal!"

Client: "What are three people? I can bring millions who did not see me!"

A Chinese entered the office of a lawyer and asked him the fee required to get him off on a charge of murder.

"Five thousand dollars," he was told.

Counting out the money carefully, the Chinese said:—

"Vellee good. Now I go killee man."

The lawyer explained to the client his scale of prices:

"I charge five dollars for advising you as to just what the law permits you to do. For giving you advice as to the way you can safely do what the law forbids, my minimum fee is one hundred dollars."

Friend: "Congratulations! I hear that you've already got a case to defend."

Young Lawyer: "Yes: My tailor is suing me."

"Did you enjoy the play last night?"

"Don't know. I forgot to ask my wife what we thought of it."

"The couple above us fight all night long."

"How do you know they do?"

"Because my wife and I can hear them every time we stop quarreling."

"I forgot all about my husband's relatives coming to see us until I was downtown today."

"Did you run into them on the street?"

"No, I saw a display of sponges in a drug store window."

"My wife and I suffer from alternate insomnia."

"Alternate insomnia! What's that?"

"Whichever gets to sleep first keeps the other awake all night."

"So Phoebe has gone back to live with her divorced husband again?"

"Yes, she couldn't bear to see him having such a good time."

The marriage knot is often just a half hitch.

O'Malley was enlarging enthusiastically upon the merits of a new telescope he had purchased.

"Do you see that church about a mile off?" he asked. "Well, with this telescope I can bring it so close you can hear the organ playing."

Bartender: "Do you want red wine or white?"

Drinker: "It makes no difference. I'm color blind."

"Does your wife go in for athletics?"

"Absolutely. You should see her jump at conclusions."

Retired butcher: "See all them books bound in calfskin?"

Friend: "Yes."

Butcher: "Well, I killed all the calves myself."

"So I'm not good enough to be asked to this party. Well, some day I'll run off a party of my own and no one'll get invited."

Doctor: I have just seen your husband and he's in splendid condition for his age.

Young wife: Yes, doctor, but not for mine."

A very ugly couple passed by. "Are they married?" someone asked.

"Yes, it was a case of love at near sight."

Wife: "I suppose you'd be surprised if I gave you a check for Christmas, George?"

Husband: "Indeed yes!"

Wife: "Well, here it is—all made out and ready for you to sign."

Husband: "There's plenty of time for our daughter to think of getting married. Let her wait until the right man comes along."

Wife: "I don't see why she should wait that long. I didn't!"

Mrs. Smith: "I wonder if I could borrow your rug-beater?"

Mrs. Brown: "I'm sorry, but he doesn't get home until five o'clock."

We know a family who have period furniture.—It's there for a period and then it's taken away.

Husband: "The shirt you bought me is too big."

Wife: "Of course it's too big! You didn't think I'd let the storekeeper know I'd married a little shrimp like you?"

Wife: "Have you missed me, dear?"

Husband: "Er—no, dear. I've been listening to a lecture over the radio."

"I am forced to admit that women are superior to men."

"What makes you say that?"

"My wife."

Wife: "I could have married a dozen better men than you."

Husband: "Yes, and now I must suffer for your lack of judgment."

"The whole year through, my wife spends only a month at home."

"That's pretty tough on you."

"Oh, a month soon passes."

"The boss fired me because I took his car out last night."

"How did he know you took it?"

"I ran over him."

Secretary: "Your wife wants to kiss you over the phone."

Boss: "Take the message. I'll get it from you later."

Dentist: "You've got 'debutante' teeth."

Victim: "What do you mean, 'debutante' teeth?"

Dentist: "They're coming out."

"My wife writes me that she is all unstrung. What shall I do?"

"Send her a wire."

Some girls speak just as they think—but more often.



"Ahem—Pardon me, Madam!"

Maisie: "I've been divorced and re-married since you saw me last."

Kitty: "I thought you looked like a changed woman."

Divorce Motto: One man's mate is another man's poison.

"I hang my head in shame every time I see the family wash in the back yard."

"Oh, do they?"

The boy was shy. So he wrote a little note, unsigned, to his love: "Will you be my valentine?"

The next day the answer came: "Delighted; be at my house at nine sharp, wearing a red rose."

But it was mimeographed.

"Darling," he cried, covering her with kisses, "can't you see that I love you?"

"Well," she said, "I should just hate to think this was just your way of behaving in company."

"I lost all my friends last night."
"How come?"
"I sold my car."

What this country needs is a spot remover to remove the spots left by spot removers.

Maid: "Please, ma'am, the oil stove has gone out."

Mistress: "Well, light it again."

Maid: "But I can't. It's gone out through the roof!"

"What do you mean Sally has an arch look?"

"Bow legs."

Flora: "Does your boss pace up and down the floor when he dictates?"

Dora: "Gosh, no! I'd fall off his lap."

"I've come to New York to make an honest living."

"Well, there's not much competition."

Boss: "If Mr. Simpson calls today, tell him I'm out."

Clerk: "Yes, sir."

Boss: "And don't be doing any work, or he won't believe you."

Sally: "Did you find out what Fred had up his sleeve?"

Susie: "Yes. A strong arm."

Jones: "A woman could make a fool out of you in three days."

Smith: "Maybe. But think of those three days."

"Is Mary's boy friend really old?"

"Old? Why, he's so old he gets winded playing chess."

"You remind me of Esquire."

"Sophisticated, eh?"

"No, very thick."

The secret of happiness is never found in books—except check books.

He: "I'm a born actor. I come from a long line of actors."

She: "Yeah, I know—Outside the casting office."

"What's your name, anyway?"

"Oh, it's a Swedish name."

"Well, what is it?"

"Can't say. I don't speak Swedish."

Husband: "Are you mending my shirt?"

Wife: "Yes, and it's too bad the careless way the tailor sewed this button on. This is the fifth time I've had to put it back for you."

Wife: "I'm getting ice from a new man, dear."

Husband: "What's the matter with the old one?"

Wife: "The new man says he'll give us colder ice for the same money."

Jones: "I've got to hurry home. This is the maid's night out."

Smith: "Taking the wife out to dinner?"

Jones: "No, the maid."

Husband: "Our grocery bill is something fierce."

Wife: "Yes, dear—and so is the grocer."

"Ivan Soapsudsky shot himself twice."

"Seriously?"

"No, only one of the wounds was fatal."

All men are not fools. Some are bachelors.

"He's a hard man. Have you noticed his eyes?"

"Yes, and I thought one looked kinder than the other."

"Correct. And that's a glass one."

"A fool and his money are soon parted."

"Who got yours?"

Molly: "I treat Jim just like a stranger now."

Polly: "But I just saw you kissing him."

Molly: "Oh, sure. But I kiss a lot of strangers."

The downfall of man is usually caused by the upkeep of women.

"I come from South Dakota."
"That's funny. You don't talk like a Southerner."

The woman was applying for a divorce.

"Your Honor," she said, "he broke every dish in the house over my head and treated me cruelly."

"Did your husband apologize or express regret over his actions at the time?" asked the Judge.

"No, Your Honor, the ambulance took him away before he could speak to me."

A judge says there is too much cooked-up evidence in divorce cases. And some of that is too raw.

In England there is a movement to make insanity a cause for divorce. It is already the cause of many marriages.

"What are your grounds for divorce?"

"My wife emptied the coffee pot in my bed."

"I take off my hat to no one!"

"How do you get your hair cut?"

Wife: "What are you reading, George?"

Husband: "Don't bother me! Darn it! Shut up! Don't you see I'm studying this book of etiquette?"

Husband: "Brrrr! It's cold in here. Has the stove gone out?"

Wife: "Yes, it has."

Husband: "Well, why don't you light it?"

Wife: "I can't. It went out—with the installment collector."

She: "Get up, dear. There's a burglar downstairs."

He: "You go, darling.—He'll think twice before he strikes a woman."

Wife: "You can take your finger off that leak in the pipe now."

Husband: "Thank Heaven! Has the plumber come?"

Wife: "No. But the house is on fire."

"Let's play whackers."

"How do you play?"

"You count up to ten and the fellow who counts the even numbers whacks the other one. Now you start."

"All right. Zero."

"What piece of fire apparatus can't go down a one-way street?"

"Well, what?"

"A fireplug."

First Communist: "Nice weather we're having."

Second Communist (grudgingly): "Yes, but the rich are having it, too."

"Where I come from men are men!"

"Is that why they chased you out?"



"Do you have a middle initial 'M', sir?"

"Are you in favor of women taking part in public affairs?"

"It's all right if you really want the affairs public."

"What's the difference between a President and a Vice-President?"

"Six secret service men on motorcycles."

"Golf is as easy as pie to me."

"Yeah, I notice you usually have a good slice."

"What is the most marked advance you notice in the new styles?"

"The figures on the price tags."

LATEST GOOD JOKES



"I'll muss you up and pull your hair!"



"Now for

WHEN TWO PRETTY

MAY THE BE



"I'll push your pretty face in!"



"Mamma spank!"



"Some biting remarks!"



"We'll start from scratch!"

GIRLS FIGHT IT OUT

BEST GIRL WIN



"Well, smack me down!"



Under the heel of the conqueror.



Linda Chequita, Conga dancer extraordinary. Just watch her smoke!



Out West where the prairie grass grows long and tall the girls grow tall and shapely with their diet of Kansas corn. In the West they eat their corn, and down South they drink it. That's why they have such shapely girls in the West and in the South.



Beauty on the bench. This girl in one easy lesson shows how to warm a bench. If all our benches were as well warmed as this one the parks would be more popular.



Wrapped in cellophane. When a girl wants to keep herself nice and fresh she can get herself wrapped in cellophane like a package of smokes. Cellophane is wonderful. It protects the girl but does not obstruct the view.



Smooth, black silk stockings are a sheer delight!



Safe to go girl

**JUST A
HALF
A DOZEN
PRETTY
GIRLS**



Home, sweet home. A restful pose in a big, soft easy chair and a few quiet puffs on her favorite cigarette at the end of the day's work, that's what a girl's home is for. After all a young lady can't sit this way in a hotel lobby. Or can she?



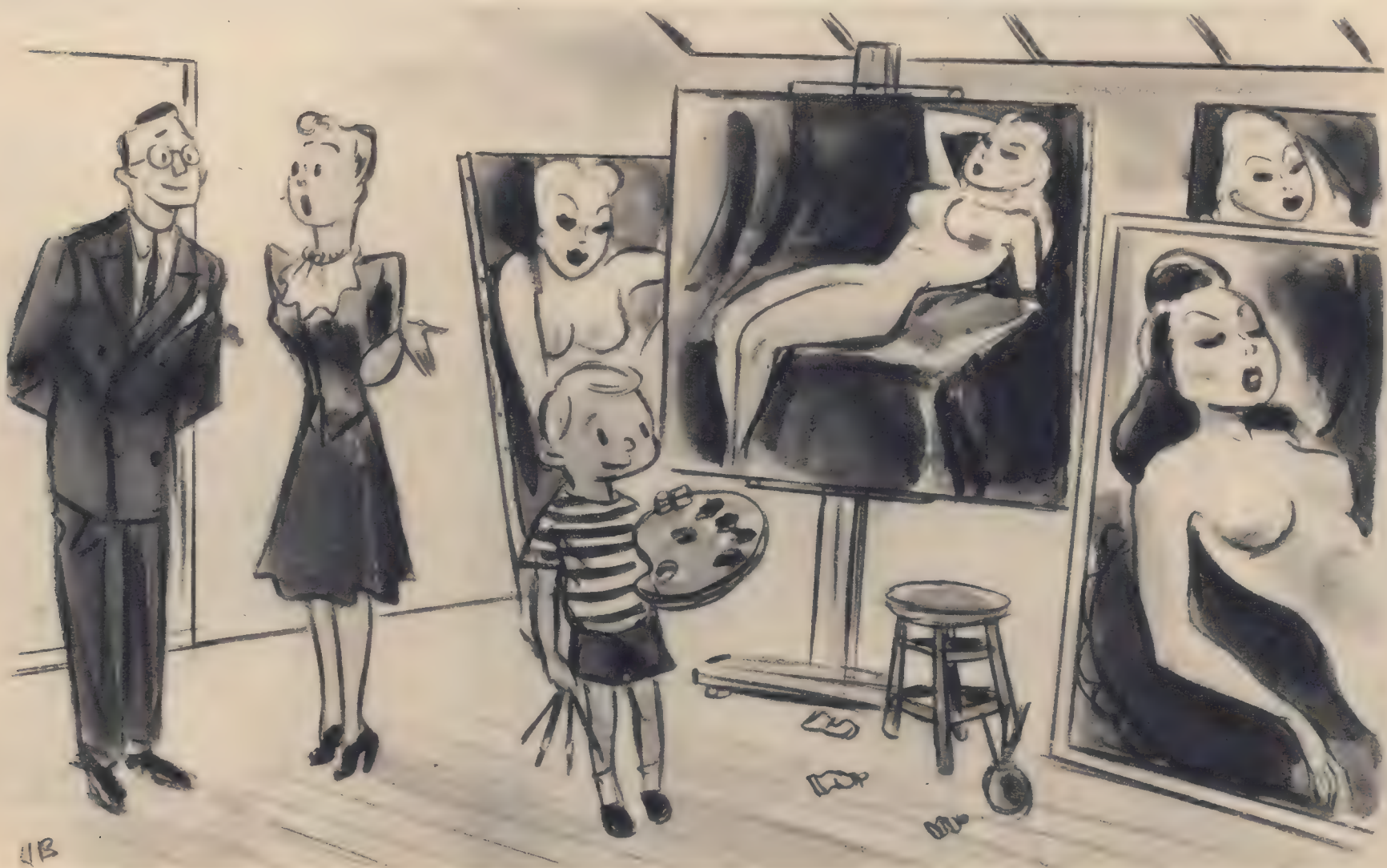
Sitting pretty.



"Are my garters on straight?"



"I don't know why you insist on coming here all the time. . . . The food is awful!"



"Precocious, isn't he?"



"Honestly, there isn't a thing in here that would interest you!"

GIRLS FOR YOUR OFFICE



Here's a stenographer who's letter perfect!



She'll take your letter—and your heart.

The problem of getting just the right type of typists for typing work in a busy business office is a problem of the utmost importance to all those who work for our big commercial firms. The bigger the firm the more important is the problem, because if the firm is large there are that many more people to be pleased and entertained at their work. No problem, except that of making a little money from the business, is more important. GRIN, ever eager to help bring back prosperity, has selected and photographed some working girls who would be sure to please even the most exacting executives. To work in an office where such girlies were employed would be more like a hobby than a job. It would be a pleasure to go to work each morning. All the white collar workers, and even those with black and grimy collars, would be sure to check in early and leave late.



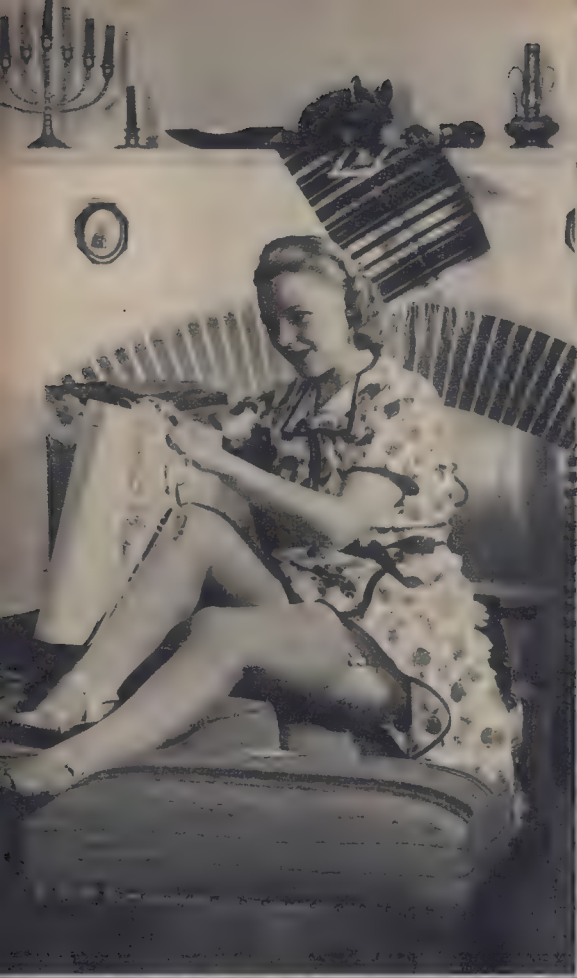
JUST THE RIGHT TYPE

A nice desk ornament. A combination secretary and paperweight.

The timeclock could be sold for junk. Workers would pay to work overtime. Strikes would be unknown. Salaries could be abolished. Overhead could be cut down. And business would be picking up. It's a great idea! Too long have business men been studying the gloomy curves of the sales chart and the business cycle. There are other curves to be studied which will give far more cheer, even in these far from cheerful days. So let our business men follow the suggestion of GRIN and use more care and better taste in selecting just the right type of girls to do their typing. Let them fire their present employment managers and put in their places some former Hollywood casting directors. Then you would see some changes for the better in the dull and dreary offices of the business district. Even bookkeeping would be interesting work if a bookkeeper could have figures like these to look over.



This girl knows the touch system, but she doesn't want it used on her.



"Oh, a present from the boy friend! Wonder what it is?"

BOOTS!

BOOTS!

BOOTS!



"It's a pair of riding boots! Now I'll have to buy a horse!"

HOW TO GET THEM ON



"I'll put one of them on to see how it fits. It's a tight squeeze, but I'll make it somehow."



"There! It's on at last. What a job! My boy friend must have noticed what small feet I have."

BOOTS!

BOOTS!

BOOTS!



"Now to get the darn thing off my foot. Not so easy! It's tighter than a Scotch miser."



"It's a job for two. The girl friend will help. If we had a horse now he'd come in handy for this hard pull."

HOW TO GET THEM OFF AGAIN



"Maybe this position will help. This confounded boot has got me down!"



"It's got us both down! But it's coming off now. What I need is boots small on the outside and big on the inside."



Fred Beaven

"Mr. Walsh lives in the Bronx and Mr. Rogers lives in Brooklyn—some nights I don't know where to turn."



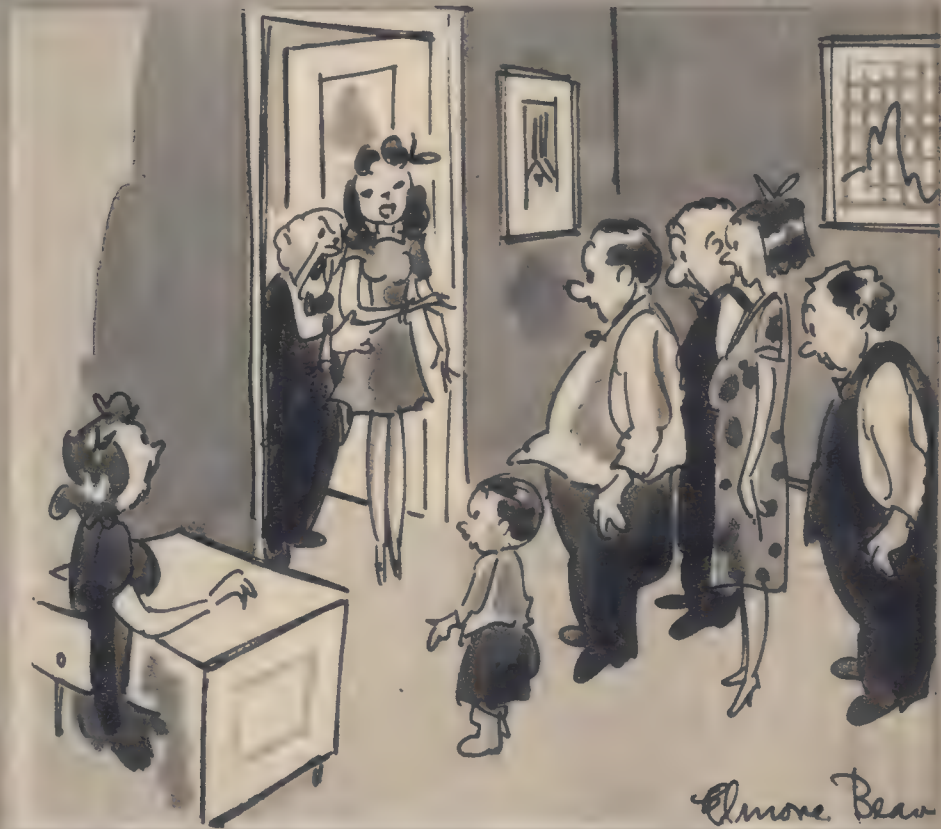
Harry Beaven

"If you're after some new talent for your show, Mr. Itch, opportunity is staring you right in the face."



Ronald Beaven

"Call up Smith and Co. and ask them to send a check—but don't tell them the position we're in."



Elmore Beaven

"This is my new private secretary.—Hereafter, knock before you enter."



"Sorry, Miss Vane, you need a little more practice before you'll qualify as a strip artist!"

MORE GIRLS



Another new twist. Girl wrestlers are twistors under the skin.



A girl may be down, but she's never out. The Match isn't over yet.

WRESTLING



This is a new grip, the knee hold. A girl wrestler knows all the joints.



The tables are turned. The former victor becomes the vanquished.



No wonder the West is wild if the cowgirls look like this! This cute cow puncher is dressed to kill, she rolls her own cigarettes and she has a herd of fine cattle. Her cows are plump and handsome and so are her calves.

Re **FRESH**

with

KOBA

A COLA DRINK

Contains Vitamin B₁

*THE LONG TALL DRINK THAT'S TANGY
AND COOLING AS AN OCEAN BREEZE!*

Call for KOOBA . . . to answer every thirst,
every time. For morning, afternoon and
evening . . . parties, picnics, public gatherings.
It's the snappy, smart and satisfying bever-
age . . . AND REMEMBER, the 12 oz. GIANT
SIZE bottle, for only 5¢, is ENOUGH FOR
TWO! 6 bottle carton — 25¢.



A BIG BOTTLE

ENOUGH FOR 2